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MSS. OF THE PACIFIC.—NO. VI.

THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

FRIDAY, April 6, 1849.—We were all at breakfast, which is a perpetual novelty to a good appetite, lengthening out (with the aid of tough steak, a remnant of our Rio Janeiro supply) that important break in the monotony of a sea voyage, and quite reluctant to begin upon the prospect of a dreary sea day, when the second officer, with a manner and a courtesy that he put on as he took off his tarpaulin on entering the cabin, and in a gusty voice that seemed to resound with the echo of a deck oath, announced to the captain that land was seen directly ahead by the men in the fore top. We were all soon upon deck, looking at the land, which seemed like a long, grey cloud upon the horizon. As we approached, the outlines of the coast became more and more distinct, until its aspect and form could be readily distinguished. It was a barren looking waste, apparently rising some three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, the face that it presented to us showing a clay formation, washed by the waters into a rough, broken looking cleavage, with an undulating surface on the summit, terminating in an abrupt bluff at the southern extremity. There was some doubt on the part of our captain as to whether this was Cape Virgin, the point looked for, the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. He was inclined to think that it was a portion of the coast of Patagonia, to the north probably of Cape Fairweather. His doubts, however, were cleared up by a chart belonging to a passenger in the fore-cabin, on which there was a drawing of Cape Virgin, which corresponded so exactly with the land seen, that the captain was at once convinced that we were at the entrance of the Straits, and directed the course of the ship accordingly. At noon the sun was out, but the wind was stirring the grey clouds restlessly about, and throwing the spray high over the steamer's bow and the black funnel; the weather had a wild look.

We entered the Straits at 12 o'clock. The white sails of a New York pilot boat

hovering gracefully like an albatross about the entrance, was a fresh reminder of home, and an impressive realization of Yankee ubiquity. As we entered, we sailed along the most dismal looking coast imaginable, bare and desert-like, with not a living thing to be seen upon it. The surface of the land seemed to be barely covered with a blighted pent of a sombre brown color. A flock of wild ducks, however, gave us a sign of life, and hovered in the most friendly and social way about and through the rigging of the ship. They almost flapped their wings in our faces, and we could almost grasp them with our hands as they flew within arms' length.

"They are so unacquainted with man, Their tameness is shocking to me."

Some of our matter of fact passengers, however, alive to the fact that our sea-mutton had become stringy, and the ship's fowls decidedly scorbutic, remarked that the ducks were fat and plump looking, and that they seemed to offer themselves in a most hospitable way for dinner; but a Wall st. financier who is a *gourmet* and *achevé* and an undisputed oracle in matters of taste, whether it be roast duck or Shakespeare and the musical glasses, having remarked that the Magellan ducks were probably fishy, they were left for the imagination to feast upon.

It was interesting to mark how the sight of land carried the thoughts of all back to their homes. A Nantucketer found it to correspond exactly in every feature with some familiar point about Cape Cod. A Providence man recognised some well known part of Narraganset bay; the Long Islanders were in ecstasy at discovering the beloved looks of their island home; "there was Huntington," there "Fishing Point," and there "Mackerel Bay." Those from Connecticut, Massachusetts, England, and Scotland, all found points of resemblance with places they had been familiar with from their boyhood up.

At six o'clock, P. M., we came to anchor in Possession bay. We were thus quietly harbored some nine thousand miles from home, in the Straits of Magellan, with Patagonia on the one side, and Terra del Fuego on the other. Some hundred and fifty of us that were seven weeks before in the midst of New York life—some in Broadway, some in the Bowery, and now living and talking, dining and breakfasting, eating and drinking, and smoking; clothed in pantaloons, coats, and shirts, like Christians, while on both sides of us were unbreeched savages possibly supping on human flesh! It is curious to contemplate the fact of this piece of civilization; a New York steamboat, with its thousand appliances of science and civilization floating into the very midst of this Ultima Thule, this far remote place, where Broadway coats and Leary's hats, the Bible, Grace Church and Puseyism, Stewart's French millinery, spendthrift wives and scolding husbands, evening parties, the fashionable Smiths and Jones, and the opera, a morning newspaper, a fireside and home are unknown. Let those who are for life in a state of na-

ture take their chance with the Patagonians and the unbreeched Terra del Fuegians over roast men or cold clergyman (as Sidney Smith says), but give me, I say, life under the highest art, London, Paris, or New York, with broadcloth for the outer man and civilized mutton for the inner.

There was none of the usual eager desire to get ashore, no turning out of the best suit from the remote depths of stowed away trunks, nor sifting of letters of introduction, nor counting of money, nor any of the usual preliminaries to terrestrial felicity, so welcome after a long siege of marine misery. There seemed to prevail a very general contentment with our Brazilian beef, tough as it was—our sea-biscuit, indurate as it might be. A rational discretion governed the feelings of all on board. There was no disposition to test the hospitality of a Terra del Fuegian, who in his confused notions, might look at a guest to feed upon, rather than to feed; who might literally devour him with a good appetite, rather than devour him figuratively with affection; and no one seemed disposed to leave his bones, after they had been well picked, to whiten upon the desert of Terra del Fuego. After making a hearty supper of a well preserved genuine Cheshire cheese and a bottle of Scotch ale, I turned in with the comfortable assurance that I was to eat and not to be eaten.

Saturday, April 7th, 1849.—I was up betimes in the morning. The steamer had just got under weigh. The pilot-boat which we had passed on entering the straits turned out to be the Hackstaff, for she had hailed us in the night as she crossed our bows to her anchorage under the land, inside of where we had moored. She announced herself as the Hackstaff, last from Rio Janeiro, 21 days from thence, bound to California. As we started, she was beating up spiritedly against a strong head wind; but, with our steam power, we soon shot ahead and lost sight of her. It had a spice of companionship and home in it, this sight of a New York pilot-boat, with its gay, bright, and smart look, dashing about fearlessly in the gale, and as much at home apparently in these far distant waters as if she had been sailing in New York harbor.

Our sail this day would have been dull and sombre enough apart from the rosy tint given to it by the imagination, as it was busy in coloring the novelty of our position and varying the different aspects in which it was viewed. To the matter of fact eye there was nothing peculiar or characteristic to look at. A long range of barren looking coast bordered either side of our course, now approaching and narrowing into a strait, now widening into a bay; not a sign of life anywhere beyond a few seal plunging about in the disturbed waters—for it was blowing a gale—and a wild duck or startled sea-bird, rarely seen, restlessly skimming the murky air.

As we passed through the "First Narrows" into the bay to which it leads, the sight of an American schooner stirred our blood, and a beautiful and familiar sight she

was as she hove down upon us. She was the Roe of New York, bound to California. She did not reach within hailing distance, but as she flew past our stern on a wind, she cheered us heartily, all alive as she was with men and hurrahs, and we cheered as heartily back. We went mercilessly on our course, without stopping a moment to pass a word with our countrymen, so far from home. It was a strange meeting and a startling sound those loud huzzas in this remote desert place.

Towards evening, after passing through the "Second Narrows," the scenery of the coast appeared more varied and lofty; mountains, with their summits covered with perpetual snow, peered up in the distance beyond the nearer land of the coast. Some smoke, too, was observed curling up from a remote point of land, which set the Yankees guessing and put the fancies of the more imaginative in a ferment. This was the only sign of human life that had yet shown itself from the land. Was this the camp fire of some Patagonian Indians or the signal, a call for help, of some shipwrecked Crusoe? We steamed mercilessly on. We are bound for gold, and cannot bide delay. A white survey mark showed itself clearly on a rocky bank as we passed, placed there by the survey party of the British-man-of-war, the *Adventurer*, by whom this passage has been so admirably surveyed. A noble monument of the wisdom and generosity of the British government—a liberal boon to all nations. An example, too, to all nations for the right uses of a navy in times of peace. The day was exceedingly cold, more so than the 40° of the thermometer would seem to indicate. The wind blew all day with the force of a gale dead ahead.

Sunday, April 8, 1849.—Last night, after writing my day's log, I went upon deck to smoke my cigar and take the air before turning in to sleep. We had just passed Port Famine, so called from the miserable end of some Spanish colonists, and a bright light glared from the place like a beacon fire. There was doubtless there some Indian encampment, where the Patagonians were signaling their whereabouts, prepared to barter with the strangers, to trade their ostrich feathers, guanaco meat, or other savage articles of merchandise, for spirits, powder, tobacco, or other civilized articles in demand. The scenery had commenced to change in character, and we were sailing along the base of a high mountain, rising out of the water to some 3,000 feet, its summit covered with snow. It was a dismal night, the clouds were drifting restlessly about under the force of a fierce gale, it was as cold and cheerless as in the dead of winter, and the light of the moon, which was at its full, would rarely penetrate the darkness, bring out into distinct outline the steep mountain and its shadow thrown across the strait, light up the edges of the driving storm-cloud and disappear in gloom. The night was murky, fitful, and unsettled. The steamer, however, continued her course, groping carefully and slowly along the unknown channel throughout the night; the captain anxiously walking the deck, or studying his chart by the dim lantern which hung in the cabin, the whole time, without a moment's sleep.

During the whole of next day our sail was through scenery of the grandest character. There were high mountains on both sides, clothed with perpetual snow, deep im-

penetrable ravines, gorges filled with glaciers, great cataracts of ice like frozen Niagaras, overhanging in enormous cliffs of blue translucent ice the mountain sides and the dark valleys. We passed through regions of eternal snow, sailed over black unfathomable depths of water, and through grim sea passages, shadowed by deep inaccessible rocks of great height. The storm almost continually rages in this part of the straits, the heavens are always darkened with heavy clouds, the sun's rays but rarely struggling through the gloom then literally making the darkness visible, the atmosphere is murky and thickened with a perpetual mist, and the waters are of a pitchy darkness from their depth, the narrowness of the channel, and the dark shadows of the mountainous coast. The temperature of the air is cold. The valleys have a bleak, barren look, as if a constant gale swept through them. Trees are rare and of small growth, the branches having a bare gnarled look, and the foliage is scant and of a dusky brown color and wilted appearance. Many of the mountains are entirely bare of vegetation, and look like enormous masses of molten lava and scorias just cooled from their volcanic heat.

As we sailed through one of the many bays of the straits, we approached an American vessel moored to the shore, with its cable fastened to a blasted tree; the stars and stripes were hoisted, and a gay looking white painted gig-boat shoved off to meet us. It was pulled by four hearty looking men, probably passengers, who had preserved their identity, with beaver hats and long tail coats, as Americans, as if at that moment they were in New York instead of a bay of Patagonia. We had only a moment to spare them as they came alongside without boarding us. Their vessel was the *Saltillo*, 105 days from Boston; they had been 23 days in the straits, had been out of fresh provisions for a month previous, were in daily intercourse with the natives on shore, roamed about there, and amused themselves with shooting while waiting for a favorable change of wind. Throwing a New York newspaper, our latest, some two months old, on board of them, and giving them a round of hearty cheers, we parted, and in a few moments, by a turn in the channel, we were out of sight of the boat and the *Saltillo*, which we left floating in its lonesomeness quietly at the base of a high mountain, looking cheerful and in a wholesome state, with her large, gay flag, tight rigging, and clean hull.

Through the mist of the early morning we had a sight of an Indian camp fire, with its smoke rising from a narrow tongue of land that stretched out from the mountainous coast. With the aid of the glass we caught a dim view of some tall Patagonians, that loomed gigantic in the distance, while their huts diminished to molehills in the comparison. As we neared the spot, the steamer gave a shrill blast of her steam whistle, which shrieked among the mountains like the exaggerated cry of a sea-bird, and started the encampment to a sudden wakefulness. We could see the Indians rise one after the other, from their dwellings, hardly elevated above the ground, and shake themselves in the cold morning air. We could well conceive their amazement at the sight of our noble steamer, moved by an unseen power, and which must have appeared to them like some dark monster of life. A

faded fashionable, one of our passengers, on his way to California to mend his fortunes, eyeing the scene through an ivory opera-glass which had served a season in the Astor Place, and trying to get a glance at the swarthy legs of an unbreeched Patagonian, and remarking upon what he saw with the same coolness that he would have done upon the turn of the ankle of a ballet figure, was an amusing antithesis to the circumstance and place.

We cleared the straits on Sunday night at nine o'clock. Our ship had thus, in thirty-three hours, forced its way with the certainty of science and the invisible power of steam, against wind and storm, through the grim passage that leads from ocean to ocean.

The passage is very winding, now leading into a bay without any apparent outlet, shut in by a wall of high mountains, now coming suddenly upon various other passages tortuous and embarrassing to the navigator. Vessels are said to have often missed their course, and to have groped their way for many weeks lost in the intricacy of the straits. The prevailing wind is from the west, and blows with the force of a gale; the current runs with the strength of a torrent, and the passage at times is so narrow as to prevent the necessary manœuvring of a square rigged vessel beating out. A sailing vessel had better weather the storms of Cape Horn than attempt the tedious and uncertain passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the Straits of Magellan. A steamer, however, with its power to resist wind and tide, will of course always take this byway between the two great ocean high roads. The English Admiralty surveys are thoroughly reliable, and the general direction of avoiding the kelp is an absolute rule of safety.

We entered the Pacific in a storm. This ocean belied its peaceable name, and gave us a most rude and warlike reception. The wind blew like a tempest from the northwest, right upon the land. The force of the engine was put to its utmost, and yet the steamer seemed to make no headway. The land on our lee, Cape Pillar, that guards the entrance to the straits from the Pacific, the same rocky jagged headland threatened us ever from the same point of view. I had staggered up on deck, and was clinging with a stout grip to the bulwarks of the ship, not far from the man at the helm. It was a dismal night. The heavens and the ocean and the winds were all in an uproar. The drifting clouds and the disturbed waters were mingled together in confused tumult, and the gale shrieked wildly in unison. The rocky headland, to which we were so close that the steamer seemed, as she heeled over to the storm, to strike it with her topmast, looked, whitened with the surf of the sea dashing upon the rocks, like the enormous jagged teeth of some monster, frothing and gnashing to devour us. The steamer did not gain an inch on her course; her whole power was tasked to the utmost to make good her own, her every nerve of iron was on the strain, and her breath of fire flashed up from her iron throat, showing how she struggled in her might to save us from being dashed upon the rock and lost for ever. A sailing ship in our position would have been without hope, she could not have lived a moment. The steamer strove on, plunging heavily and being thrown by the disturbed sea from side to side, now to the larboard, now to the starboard; as one

wheel labored deep down in the water, the other rose high, whirling in the air. The steamer strove on; she plunged so long and deeply that it seemed as she plunged that my foothold on the deck had gone for ever; but she recovered herself with a shock that trembled through the whole ship, with her bowsprit snapped off like a reed, and bringing in upon the deck torrents of water. The steamer was fairly buried in the sea to her rails. It seemed in vain for the steamer to struggle any longer with such a night. The gale grew stronger. As I gave a frightened glance at the rock close to the leeward of us, the rock seemed nearer, and our ship's course right upon it. A hoarse voice, crying out to the helmsman, "Nor-west! don't let her fall off a hair's breadth!" startled me, and I turned in fear towards the man at the wheel. A thick vapor had gathered upon the glass of the binnacle; it was like the mist of death that had fallen upon our good ship's eye. The helmsman, however, with his rough hand, wiped away the vapor, and the light of the compass shone out in the darkness with intense brightness. With a turn of the strong arm of the man at the helm, the ship was again on her right course, striving on and wrestling with the deep. The heart of the storm was soon broken, and we sailed fast away from the inhospitable gates of the grim sea passage of Magellan, upon the broad surface of the Pacific Ocean.

R. T.

SUGGESTIONS AND REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YORK PARK.

[From the August number of Mr. Downing's Horticulturalist.]

QUESTION OF SIZE.

THANKING Mayor Kingsland most heartily for his proposed new park, the only objection we make to it is that it is *too small*. One hundred and sixty acres of park for a city that will soon contain three quarters of a million of people! It is only a child's play-ground. Why London has over six thousand acres either within its own limits, or in the accessible suburbs, open to the enjoyment of its population—and six thousand acres composed too, either of the grandest and most lovely park scenery, like Kensington and Richmond, or of luxuriant gardens, filled with rare plants, hot-houses and hardy shrubs and trees, like the National Garden at Kew. Paris has its Garden of the Tuileries, whose alleys are lined with orange trees two hundred years old, whose parterres are gay with the brightest flowers, whose cool groves of horse-chestnuts, stretching out to the Elysian Fields, are in the very midst of the city. Yes, and on its out-skirts are Versailles (three thousand acres of imperial groves and gardens there also), and Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud, with all the rural, scenic, and palatial beauty that the opulence of the most profuse of French monarchs could create, all open to the people of Paris. Vienna has its great *Prater*, to make which, would swallow up most of the "unimproved" part of New York city. Munich has a superb pleasure ground of five hundred acres, which makes the Arcadia of her citizens. Even the smaller towns are provided with public grounds to an extent that would beggar the imagination of our short-sighted economists who would deny "a greenery" to New York; Frankfurt, for example, is skirted by the most beautiful gardens, formed upon the platform which made the old ramparts of the city—gardens filled with the

loveliest plants and shrubs, tastefully grouped along walks over *two miles* in extent.

Looking at the present government of the city as about to provide, in the People's Park, a breathing zone, and healthful place for exercise for a city of half a million of souls, we trust they will not be content with the limited number of acres already proposed. *Five hundred acres* is the smallest area that should be reserved for the future wants of such a city, *now*, while it may be obtained. Five hundred acres may be selected between 39th-street and the Harlem river, including a varied surface of land, a good deal of which is yet waste area, so that the whole may be purchased at something like a million of dollars. In that area there would be space enough to have broad reaches of park and pleasure grounds, with a real feeling of the breadth and beauty of green fields, the perfume and freshness of nature. In its midst would be located the great distributing reservoirs of the Croton aqueduct, formed into lovely lakes of limpid water, covering many acres, and heightening the charm of the sylvan accessories by the finest natural contrast. In such a park, the citizens who would take excursions in carriages, or on horseback, could have the substantial delights of country roads and country scenery, and forget for a time the rattle of the pavements and the glare of brick walls. Pedestrians would find quiet and secluded walks when they wished to be solitary, and broad alleys filled with thousands of happy faces, when they would be gay. The thoughtful denizen of the town would go out there in the morning to hold converse with the whispering trees, and the wearied tradesman in the evening, to enjoy an hour of happiness by mingling in the open space with "all the world."

CONSEQUENT BEAUTIES AND UTILITIES.

The many beauties and utilities which would gradually grow out of a great park like this, in a great city like New York, suggest themselves immediately and forcibly. Where would be found so fitting a position for noble works of art, the statues, monuments, and buildings commemorative at once of the great men of the nation, of the history of the age and country, and the genius of our highest artists? In the broad area of such a verdant zone would gradually grow up, as the wealth of the city increases, winter gardens of glass, like the great Crystal Palace, where the whole people could luxuriate in groves of the palm and spice trees of the tropics, at the same moment that sleighing parties glided swiftly and noiselessly over the snow-covered surface of the country-like avenues of the wintry park without. Zoological Gardens, like those of London and Paris, would gradually be formed, by private subscription or public funds, where thousands of old and young would find daily pleasure in studying natural history, illustrated by all the wildest and strangest animals of the globe, almost as much at home in their paddocks and jungles, as if in their native forests; and Horticultural and Industrial Societies would hold their annual shows there, and great expositions of the arts would take place in spacious buildings within the park, far more fittingly than in the noise and din of the crowded streets of the city.

SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

We have said nothing of the *social in-*

fluence of such a great park in New York. But this is really the most interesting phase of the whole matter. It is a fact not a little remarkable, that ultra-democratic as are the political tendencies of America, its most intelligent social tendencies are almost wholly in a contrary direction. And among the topics discussed by the advocates and opponents of the New York Park, none seem so poorly understood as the social aspect of the thing. It is, indeed, both curious and amusing to see the stand taken on the one hand, by the million, that the park is made for the "upper ten," who ride in fine carriages, and on the other hand, by the wealthy and refined, that a park in this country would be "usurped by rowdies and low people." Shame upon our republican compatriots who so little understand the elevating influences of the beautiful in nature and art, when enjoyed in common by thousands and hundreds of thousands of all classes, without distinction! They can never have seen, how all over France and Germany, the whole population of the cities pass their afternoons and evenings together, in the beautiful public parks and gardens. How they enjoy together the same music, breathe the same atmosphere of art, enjoy the same scenery, and grow into social freedom by the very influences of easy intercourse, space, and beauty that surround them. In Germany, especially, they have never seen how the highest and the lowest partake alike of the common enjoyment—the prince seated beneath the trees on a rush bottomed chair, before a little wooden table, sipping his coffee or his ice, with the same freedom from state and pretension as the simplest subject. Drawing-room conventionalities are too narrow for a mile or two of spacious garden landscape, and one can be happy with ten thousand in the social freedom of a community of genial influences without the unutterable pang of not having been introduced to the company present.

The social doubters who thus intrench themselves in the sole citadel of *exclusiveness*, in republican America, mistake our people and their destiny. If we would but have listened to them, our magnificent river and lake steamers, those real palaces of the million, would have had no velvet couches, no splendid mirrors, no luxurious carpets. Such costly and rare appliances of civilization, they would have told us, could only be rightly used by the privileged families of wealth, and would be trampled upon and utterly ruined by the democracy of the country, who travel 100 miles for half a dollar. And yet these, our floating palaces and our monster hotels, with their purple and fine linen, are they not respected by the majority who use them, as truly as other palaces by their rightful sovereigns? Alas, for the faithlessness of the few, who possess, regarding the capacity for culture of the many, who are wanting. Even upon the lower platform of liberty and education that the masses stand in Europe, we see the elevating influences of a wide popular enjoyment of galleries of art, public libraries, parks and gardens, which have raised the people in social civilization and social culture to a far higher level than we have yet attained in republican America. And yet this broad ground of popular refinement *must* be taken in republican America, for it belongs of right more truly here than elsewhere. It is republican in its very idea and tendency. It takes up popular education

where the common school and ballot-box leave it, and raises up the working man to the same level of enjoyment with the man of leisure and accomplishment. The higher social and artistic elements of every man's nature lie dormant within him, and every laborer is a possible gentleman, not by the possession of money or fine clothes, but through the refining influence of intellectual and moral culture. Open wide, therefore, the doors of your libraries and picture galleries, all ye true republicans! Build halls where knowledge shall be freely diffused among men, and not shut up within the narrow walls of narrower institutions. Plant spacious parks in your cities, and unloose their gates as wide as the gates of morning to the whole people. As there are no dark places at noon day, so education and culture—the true sunshine of the soul—will banish the plague-spots of democracy; and the dread of the ignorant exclusive who has no faith in the refinement of a republic, will stand abashed in the next century, before a whole people whose system of voluntary education embraces (combined with perfect individual freedom) not only common schools of rudimentary knowledge, but common enjoyments for all classes, in the higher realms of art, letters, science, social recreations and enjoyments. Were our legislators but wise enough to understand, to-day, the destinies of the New World, the gentility of Sir Philip Sidney made universal, would not be half so much a miracle fifty years hence in America, as the idea of a whole nation of laboring men reading and writing, was, in his day, in England.

LITERATURE.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.*

The author of "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," a volume which we brought before our readers the other day, occupies a middle ground between the conservatism and the reform of the times. The mental product of one of the English universities, he has those feelings of reverence for the past which, linked with learning and Christianity, are instincts with a feeling man so educated, but which, in his case, are confined within no cloistered precincts. The quadrangle of his college is arched by the blue sky of the outer world which encircles the human race, and its green sward is swept by air which fans the weary brow of labor, which knows no learned repose. A consciousness of the world without, of the duties as well as of the pleasures of the scholar, is one of the most hopeful signs of English philanthropy, and of English literature as well; for we may look to new life, both for thought and action, to spring from this union. There is no essayist now writing, and many are aiming at this result, who so happily blends the quiet air of study and retirement with practical beneficent out-of-door conduct, as the writer of the series of essays entitled *Friends in Council*, *Claims of Labor*, &c. Reformers are apt to be such harsh fellows that even their kindness, like that of the thankful bear in the fable, who would tear the fly from his master's face, is as unendurable as their hostility. Our author knows the *mollia tempora fandi*, the outer avenues of approach, and sheathes his reformations so gently that there must be something inveterate and churlish in the

opinions of those who will not listen to him.

In his last published work, "Companions of my Solitude," a name he has given his thoughts, and which allows their expression with as much ease and freedom as an essayist can assume, he has treated many topics not often candidly touched, as those growing out of Puritanism, with peculiar delicacy. The chapters given to what he terms "the great sin of great cities," are examples of this. His views, which have an original air through some of their illustrations, exhibit a refined Christian charity. It is doing them an injustice to present them out of the original setting—without the graceful picture of the pine-wood—but the beautiful introductory apologue of the child's creed should not be omitted:—

IS THIS A WEED?

"It was a bright winter's day; and I sat upon a garden seat in a sheltered nook towards the south, having come out of my study to enjoy the warmth, like a fly that has left some snug crevice to stretch his legs upon the unwontedly sunny pane in December. My little daughter (she is a very little thing about four years old) came running up to me, and when she had arrived at my knees, held up a straggling but pretty weed. Then, with great earnestness, and as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed, 'Is this a weed, Papa; is this a weed?'"

"Yes, a weed," I replied.

"With a look of disappointment she moved off to the one she loved best amongst us; and, asking the same question, received the same answer.

"But it has flowers," the child replied.

"That does not signify; it is a weed," was the inexorable answer.

"Presently, after a moment's consideration, the child ran off again, and meeting the gardener just near my nook, though out of sight from where I sat, she coaxingly addressed him.

"Nicholas, dear, is this a weed?"

"Yes, miss, they call it 'Shepherd's purse.'"

"A pause ensued: I thought the child was now fairly silenced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again, 'Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas, dear? do plant it in my garden!'"

"There was no resisting the anxious entreaty of the child; and man and child moved off together to plant the weed in one of those plots of ground which the children walk about upon a good deal, and put branches of trees in and grown-up flowers, and then examine the roots (a system as encouraging as other systems of education I could name), and which they call their gardens."

Many are the weeds thrown away in society, worthy to bloom in the gardens.

Into the jungle, the wilderness of the large city, the author would throw these seeds—in the spirit of the New Testament—of a better culture. We take them, briefly as possible, separate thoughts from the continuous essay:—

GREAT SINS OF GREAT CITIES.

"I do not know any one thing which concentrates and reflects more accurately the evils of any society than this sin. It is a measure of the want of employment, the uncertainty of employment, the moral corruption amongst the higher classes, the want of education amongst the lower, the relaxation of bonds between master and servant, employer and employed; and, indeed, it expresses the want of prudence, truth, light, and love in that community.

"The nature of the evil in this case is one which does not require to be largely dwelt upon; and yet several things must be said about it. One which occurs to me is the degradation of race. Thousands upon thousands of beautiful women are by it condemned to sterility. As a nation we should look with exceeding jealousy and alarm at any occupation which claimed our tallest men and left them without offspring. And, surely, it is no light matter in a national point of view that any sin should claim the right of consuming, sometimes as rapidly as if they were a slave population, a considerable number of the best looking persons in the community.

"It accustoms men to the contemplation of the greatest social failures, and introduces habitually a low view of the highest things. We are apt to look at each individual case too harshly; but the whole thing is not looked at gravely enough. This often happens in considering any great social abuse; and so we frequently commence the remedy by some great injustice in a particular case.

"The main cause of this sin on the woman's part is want—absolute want. This, though one of the most grievous things to contemplate, has at the same time a large admixture of hope in it. For, surely, if civilization is to make any sufficient answer for itself and for the many serious evils it promotes, it ought to be, that it renders the vicissitudes of life less extreme, that it provides a resource for all of us against excessive want.

"There is a very homely proverb about the fate of the pitcher that goes often to the water which might be an aid to charity, and which bears closely on the present case. The Spaniards, from whom I dare say we have the proverbs, express it prettily and pithily.

"*Cantarillo que muchas vezes va a la fuente, O dexa la asa, or la frente.*"

"The little pitcher that goes often to the fountain, either leaves the handle or the spout behind some day."

The dainty vase which is kept under a glass case in a drawing-room, should not be too proud of remaining without a flaw, considering its great advantages.

"In the New Testament we have such matters treated in a truly divine manner. There is no palliation of crime. Sometimes our charity is mixed up with a mash of sentiment and sickly feeling that we do not know where we are, and what is vice and what is virtue. But here are the brief stern words, 'Go, and sin no more'; but, at the same time, there is an infinite consideration for the criminal, not however as criminal, but as human being; I mean not in respect of her criminality but of her humanity.

"Now an instance of our want of obedience to these Christian precepts has often struck me in the not visiting married women whose previous lives will not bear inspection. Whose will? Not merely all Christian people, but all civilized people, ought to set their faces against this excessive retrospection.

"A daughter has left her home, madly, ever so wickedly if you like, but what are too often the demons tempting her onwards and preventing her return? The uncharitable speeches she has heard at home; and the feeling she shares with most of us, that those we have lived with are the sharpest judges of our conduct.

"Would you, then, exclaims some reader or hearer, take back and receive with tenderness a daughter who had erred? 'Yes,' I reply, 'if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth.'"

"A fear of the uncharitable speeches of others is the incentive in many courses of evil; but it

* *Companions of my Solitude*. London: William Pickering. 1851.

has a peculiar effect in the one we are considering, as it occurs with most force just at the most critical period—when the victim of seduction is upon the point of falling into worse ways. Then it is that the uncharitable speeches she has heard on this subject in former days are so many goads to her, urging her the downward path of evil. What a strange, desperate notion it is of men, when they have erred, that things are at the worst, that nothing can be done to rescue them; whereas Judas Iscariot might have done something better than hang himself.

"Another cause of the frailty of women in the lower classes is in the comparative inelegance and uncleanness of the men of their own class. It also arises from the fondness which all women have for merit, or what they suppose to be such, so that their love is apt to follow what is in any way distinguished: and this throws the women of any class cruelly open to the seduction of the men in the class above. For women are the real aristocrats; and it is one of their greatest merits.

"One great source of the sin we are considering is the want of other thoughts. Here puritanism comes in, as it has any time these two hundred years, to darken and deepen every mischief. The lower orders here are left with so little to think of but labor and vice. Now any grand thought, great poetry, or noble song is adverse to any abuse of the passions—even that which seems most concerned with the passions. For all that is great in idea, that insists upon men's attention, does so by an appeal, expressed or implied, to the infinite within him and around him. A man coming from a great representation of Macbeth is not in the humor for a low intrigue: and, in general, vice, especially of the kind we are considering, seizes hold not of the passionate, so much as of the cold and vacant mind.

"The heavy ploughboy who lounges along in that listless manner has a mind which moves with a rapidity that bears no relation to that outward heaviness of his. That mind will be fed; will consume all about it, like oxygen, if new thoughts and aspirations are not given it. The true strategy in attacking any vice, is by putting in a virtue to counteract it; in attacking any evil thought, by putting in a good thought to meet it. Thus a man is lifted into a higher state of being, and his old slough falls off him.

To meet the evil of poverty, "it may seem romantic, but I cannot help hoping that considerable investigation into prices may lead people to ascertain better what are fair wages, and that purchasers will not run madly after cheapness. There are everywhere just men, who endeavor to prevent the price of laborers' wages from falling below what they (the just men) think right. I have no doubt that this has an effect upon the whole labor-market, Christianity coming in to correct political economy. And so, in other matters, I can conceive that private persons may generally become more anxious to put aside the evils of competition, and to give, as well as get, what is fair.

"Oh that there were more love in the world, and then these things that we deplore could not be. One would think that the man who had once loved any woman, would have some tenderness for all. And love implies an infinite respect. All that was said or done by Chivalry of old, or sung by Troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of the heavens to the Saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race.

"I said above, 'the exquisite beauty of the

thing spoiled.' And, in truth, how beautiful a thing is youth—beautiful in an animal. In contemplating it, the world seems young again for us. Each young thing seems born to new hopes. Parents feel this for their children, hoping that something will happen to them quite different from what happened to themselves, else could they take all the pains they do with these young creatures, if they could believe that the young people were only to grow up into middle-aged men and women with the usual cares and troubles descending upon them like a securely entailed inheritance. There is something fanciful in all this, and in reality a grown up person is a much more valuable and worthy creature than most young ones: but still anything that blights the young must ever be most repugnant to humanity."

On success in life there are some admirable hints, as this of

MOTIVE POWER AND THE RAILWAY.

"One of the great aids, or hindrances, to success in anything lies in the temperament of a man. I do not know yours; but I venture to point out to you what is the best temperament, namely, a combination of the desponding and the resolute, or, as I had better express it, of the apprehensive and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secretly, they rely upon nothing and upon nobody. There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, what shall I do, if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect. This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution.

"Then, be not over-choice in looking out for what may exactly suit you; but rather be ready to adopt any opportunities that occur. Fortune does not stoop often to take any one up. Favorable opportunities will not happen precisely in the way that you have imagined. Nothing does. Do not be discouraged, therefore, by a present detriment in any course which may lead to something good. Time is so precious here.

"Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any professions: only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence."

Of the not uncommon complaint of men of genius, who would be men of truth and genius, and men of the world, too, there is this to be considered:—

YOU MUST CHOOSE ONE OR THE OTHER.

"You must seek to do something which many people demand. I cannot illustrate what I mean better than by telling you what I often tell my publisher, whenever he speaks of the slackness of trade. There is a confectioner's shop next door which is thronged with people: I beg him (the publisher) to draw a moral from this, and to set up, himself, an eating house. That would be appealing to the million in the right way. I tell him he could hire me and others of his 'eminent hands' to cook instead of to write; and then, instead of living on our wits (slender diet indeed!), we ourselves should be able to buy books, and should become great patrons of literature. I did not tell him, because it is not wise run down authors in the presence of publishers, what I may mention to you, that many of us would be much more wisely and wholesomely employed in cooking than in

writing. But this is nothing to you. What I want you, dear distant kinsman, to perceive, is that you must at once cultivate something which is in general demand.

"Whatever happens, do not be dissatisfied with your worldly fortunes, lest that speech be justly made to you, which was once made to a repining person much given to talk of how great she and hers had been. 'Yes, Madam,' was the crushing reply, 'we all find our level at last.'

"Eternally that fable is true, of a choice being given to men on their entrance into life. Two majestic women stand before you: one in rich vesture, superb, with what seems like a mural crown on her head and plenty in her hand, and something of triumph, I will not say of boldness, in her eye; and she, the queen of this world, can give you many things. The other is beautiful, but not alluring, nor rich, nor powerful; and there are traces of care and shame and sorrow in her face; and (marvellous to say) her look is downcast and yet noble. She can give you nothing, but she can make you somebody. If you cannot bear to part from her sweet sublime countenance which hardly veils with sorrow its infinity, follow her: follow her, I say, if you are really minded so to do; but do not, while you are on this track, look back with ill-concealed envy on the glittering things which fall in the path of those who prefer to follow the rich dame, and to pick up the riches and honors which fall from her cornucopia.

"This is in substance what a true artist said to me only the other day, impatient, as he told me, of the complaints of those who would pursue art, and yet would have fortune."

This is finely rendered, and so are many other interpretations of human life and conduct; changes of the point of view, which show us things upon which we have been long gazing in quite another light. Most essayists have been agreed upon the fact, that modern times are very level and prosaic, a great measure of excellence, if you will, but a dead level at that. But what says Milverton—for so our author, in an occasional bit of dialogue, sometimes calls himself,—“The notion that there is a dead level in modern times is a mistake—it is only that there are more eminences.”

A pretty constant fallacy of the public, and of a considerable number of critics is, that truth is relative to the author, what a man writes, presupposing that he claims it all in his own conduct—that Sterne being a doubtful sort of man is necessarily a bad writer, &c. This is pleasantly hit off in the following:—

DUALITY OF THE EDITORIAL "WE."

"Once in these lanes I quitted my subject, and began to think how the way to my house might be shortened, and I was already deep in the engineering difficulties of the proceeding, when, somewhat satirically I said to myself, what a mania you have for improving everything about you: could you not, my dear Leonard, spare a little of this reforming energy for yourself? One would think that you did not need it at all to see the way you go on writing moral essays. Myself replied to me, this is a very spiteful remark of yours, and very like what Ellesmere would have said. Have I not always protested in the strongest manner against the assumption, that a writer of moral essays must be a moral man himself? Your friend Ellesmere, in reference to this very point, remarks that if all clergymen had been Christians, there would by this time have been no science of theology. But, jesting part, it would be a sad thing indeed if one's ideal was never to go beyond one's own infirmities. However, myself

agrees with you, my dear I, so far, that it is much safer to be thought worse than better than one really is: and so blacken me as much as you like, and detract from me as much as you can, so that you do not injure my arguments or my persuasions. These I believe in, and will endeavor to carry out, just as if they had been uttered by the most irreproachable and perfect man in the world.

"Maintaining this strange dialogue as stoutly as if there had been two persons instead of one in the carriage, I, or rather we (I wonder whether the editorial 'we' is thus really dual, consisting of a man and his conscience) we, I say, reached the gate of Worth-Ashton, pretty good friends with each other, and pleased with what we had thought over during our ride homewards."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF AMERICA.*

THIS volume is composed of reports furnished to the Smithsonian Institute by the officers of various public libraries throughout the country, in compliance with a circular request addressed to them for that purpose by the Institution, which has determined on making bibliography one of the objects of its care. "It was," says the Preface,

"at first intended to limit these notices to the answers obtained to the questions of a circular letter. Many of the circulars have, however, remained to this time unanswered; others were filled up hastily, and gave but a meagre account of the collections; others, again, simply referred to some sources from which authentic details might be gathered. In order to give anything like completeness or uniformity to the notices, it was found necessary to re-write them, and to seek additional information from all available sources. When the librarian's name is given in connexion with an article, it is an indication that the principal facts were derived from his answers to the queries. When the facts have been gathered from other sources, the authorities have, for the most part, been named.

"It is to be regretted that these statistics do not all refer to exactly the same date. They were intended to represent the condition of the libraries at the middle of the year 1849; but when returns were not made, and it was necessary to take the best accounts at hand, these frequently related to a time several years past."

These defects are unavoidable in the first effort on so extended and little cultivated a field as the present, but much material has been brought together, and a larger body of information than has ever before been obtained, placed in an accessible form, and condensed into a valuable tabular view.

The libraries of the country are classified by the author, Mr. Jewett, as follows:—

1. State libraries (for the use chiefly of legislators, and mostly made up of public documents, statistical and other works of reference; although some are of far wider range, embracing all departments of literature).
2. Social libraries; that is, those formed by Societies and Associations established for that express purpose.
3. College libraries.
4. Students' libraries.
5. Libraries of Professional Schools and Incorporated Academies.
6. Libraries of learned Societies.
7. Public School Libraries.
8. Sunday School Libraries.

These divisions might also be summed up into two great divisions of endowed and social libraries; the first to include all those supported by grants from

* Smithsonian Reports.—Notices of Public Libraries in the United States of America. By Charles C. Jewett, Librarian of the Smithsonian Institution. Printed by order of Congress, as an Appendix to the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington, D. C.: Printed for the House of Representatives.

the State, bequests from individuals, or the funds of learned societies; the latter, all those whose funds are derived directly from their readers, and whose contents must necessarily, to a great extent, be regulated by the public taste. These divisions are not perfectly exact, as many libraries of the latter class have received legacies; but no other could be made not liable to a similar objection.

The finest library of the "social" class in our country is beyond doubt that of the Boston Athenæum. The large sums which it has received, and the admirable manner in which they have been expended, are alike creditable to the people among whom it is placed.

"The principal endowments of the Athenæum before the year 1847 are thus enumerated in an inscription under the corner-stone of the new building:

"The sum of \$42,000 was raised for the general purposes of the Athenæum, by voluntary subscription for shares created in 1807.

"James Perkins, in 1821, gave his own costly mansion in Pearl street, which from that time has been the seat of the Institution.

"In the same year, the sum of \$22,000 was raised by voluntary subscriptions for shares.

"Thomas Handasyd Perkins (besides his earlier and later valuable donations) and James Perkins the younger, seconded, in 1826, the liberality of the brother and the father, each giving \$8,000; and the sum of their contributions was increased to \$45,000 by other subscriptions, obtained chiefly through the efforts and influence of Nathaniel Bowditch, Francis Calley Grey, George Ticknor, and Thomas Wren Ward.

"Augustus Thorndike, in 1823, gave a choice collection of casts of the most celebrated ancient statues.

"George Watson Brimmer, in 1838, gave a magnificent collection of books on the fine arts.

"John Bromfield, in 1846, gave \$25,000 as a fund to be regularly increased by one quarter of the income, of which the other three quarters are to be annually applied to the purchase of books for ever.

"The sum of \$75,000, for the erection of the building, was raised by voluntary subscription for shares created in 1844.

"Liberality like this is seldom witnessed, and deserves the most honorable mention."

This Institution has been enriched by a part of Washington's library, a collection of some 450 bound volumes, and from 800 to 1,000 pamphlets. "About 350 contain his autograph, and a few of them notes in his own handwriting; one little book has the autograph of Washington in a rude schoolboy hand, at about the age of nine years."

The most frequented and best used library is that of the Mercantile Library Association of this city: "More than 75,000 volumes are lent out annually. About 6,000 persons annually consult the library without taking out books. The fees of this Institution are \$1 initiation, and \$2 annual; lower, probably, than that of any library supported in this manner, without endowment, in the world. The library is an excellent one, and at present increasing at the rate of from 2 to 3,000 volumes a year. It now contains some 33,000 volumes.

The largest library of the "social" class is that of the Philadelphia Company and Logonian Library. It was founded in 1731, and now contains 60,000 volumes. A long and interesting account of its history is given. Benjamin Franklin, as is well known, was among its founders, and continued its active

friend through life. Its first catalogue was printed by him gratuitously in 1741. Numerous donations are recorded from the Penn family. An idea may be formed of the state of literature in America a little under a century and a quarter ago, from the incidental mention that in 1732 there was no manner of provision made by the government for the purpose, "nor so much as a good bookseller's shop nearer than Boston." The corner stone of the library building was laid in 1789:

"The minutes state, 'that, upon the suggestion of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, a large stone was prepared, and laid at the south west corner of the building, with the following inscription, composed by the Doctor, except so far as relates to himself, which the committee have taken the liberty of adding to it:—

"Be it remembered,
in honor of the Philadelphia youth,
(then chiefly artificers)
that in MDCCXXXI,
they cheerfully,
at the instance of Benjamin Franklin,
one of their number,
instituted the Philadelphia Library,
which, though small at first,
is become highly valuable and extensively useful,
and which the walls of this edifice
are now destined to contain and preserve;
the first stone of whose foundation
was here placed
the thirty-first day of August, 1789."

That the Philadelphian youth of 1789 were worthy successors of those of 1731, is proved by the fact that,

"During the progress of the building, more than the stipulated one hundred names were added to the list of stockholders—many apprentices having been allowed by their employers to give sufficient labor to purchase the privilege of admission. Their names are faithfully recorded, and it may, in future, be interesting to their descendants to discover that they are reaping the benefits of literary instruction from the honest labor and the sweat of the brows of their progenitors."

It is to be regretted that the tastes of the youth of that city of the present day have departed so far from the ancient standard. The library is a very valuable one, but no collections or books of special interest are mentioned in this account.

The New York Society Library had some years the start of the Philadelphian institution, dating as far back as 1700. It numbers some 35,000 volumes, and has a fine Library Hall and Reading Room.

The historical societies of the country have been active in the collection of libraries. Of these the Worcester and New York societies are the most valuable. The former contains 1800 volumes.

"A prominent feature in the collection is the *Mather Library*, consisting of about 1,000 volumes, and containing probably the greater portion of the books owned by Increase and Cotton Mather, as well as those of Richard, the father of Increase. The first two were emphatically the scholars of their day, in New England; and the works they collected fairly represent the literature and learning of their time, whether historical, theological, or metaphysical, or relating to the natural sciences. This is perhaps the oldest private library in the country that has been transmitted from one generation to another. It was obtained from Mrs. Hannah Mather Crocker, grand-daughter of Cotton Mather, and only remaining representative of the family in Boston—partly by gift and partly by purchase. It is called in the records, 'The remains of the ancient library of the Mathers,' and was considered by Isaiah Thomas as 'the oldest library in New England, if not in the United States.' With these books was obtained a large collec-

tion of tracts and manuscripts belonging to the Mathers; the latter consisting of sermons, diaries, correspondence, and common-places. Many of the tracts are political, and relate to the period of the Revolution and the Commonwealth in England. Taken together, this Mathers collection is unique, and of great historical value.

"The pamphlets form another prominent and somewhat peculiar feature. They undoubtedly contain a greater number and variety of fugitive publications, such as illustrate the character and spirit of the time, than can be found elsewhere in the country. Those of ancient date are numerous and curious.

"The newspapers begin with the first number of the first paper printed in the United States; and though the series is not perfect, it is, taking the whole period together, the most perfect that has been preserved. The collection of almanacs is, also, the most complete and curious that can be found in the country. The manuscripts are chiefly such as illustrate New England history. Many probably are theological; some are treatises and commentaries that have not been printed. There are many letters written by or addressed to the original settlers and their immediate descendants. There are a few diaries, and an untold quantity of manuscript sermons. Besides those of an older period, a mass of military papers relating to the American Revolution belong to the Society, which, at the request of the State Government, have been deposited in the State House at Boston.

"As to paintings and engravings, besides the family portraits of the Mathers, five in number, the society possesses an original portrait of Winthrop (received from the late William Winthrop of Cambridge), together with the 'stone pot, tipped and covered with a silver lydd,' containing the genealogy of the direct line in which that heir-loom, the pot, had descended. This stone pot is referred to in Savage's edition of Winthrop's journal."

This institution owes its origin and success to the labors and liberality of Isaiah Thomas, author of the History of Printing.

The New York Historical Society was founded in 1804. It numbers some 17,000 volumes and 15,000 MSS., but no particulars are given of its specialties. It is now in a very flourishing condition, and its monthly meetings are probably more numerous attended than those of any similar institution in the country.

The library of Harvard College, in its four departments of Public, Law, Theological, and Medical, contains 84,200 vols. The first of these numbers 5,600 vols. of books and MSS. It does not date further back than 1764, the collection extant at that time having been destroyed by fire.

"Harvard College Libraries.—84,200 vols. On the 24th of January, 1764, in a stormy winter's night, during the college vacation, Harvard Hall, containing the library of more than 5,000 volumes, the philosophical apparatus, and all the little collections of objects of interest belonging to the college, was destroyed by fire. Thus perished the valuable books given by John Harvard, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Maynard, Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Gale, Bishop Berkeley, and other distinguished benefactors; the books and pamphlets connected with the early history of New England, the precious though scanty accumulations of a hundred and twenty-six years—a loss which in those days must have seemed appalling, and which the historian, the antiquary, and the bibliographer can never cease to deplore."

"The State legislature was in session. Indeed, at the time of the calamity, Harvard Hall was occupied by them in consequence of the alarm excited by the existence of the small pox in Boston. At the instigation of Governor Bernard, they immediately appropriated £2,000 to

erect a new building in place of that which had been destroyed while occupied by them. A general subscription was made for the same purpose among the towns and counties of the State, amounting to £878, 16s. 9d. A general sympathy was shown by many persons in the parent country."

From the commendable pride which the people of Massachusetts have taken in all the departments of their chief institution of learning, it has shared in their general prosperity, the bequest of one of its friends, Hon. Christopher Gore, amounting to \$94,888.

Yale College library was founded nobly:

"Yale College Libraries.—50,481 vols.—In the year 1700, ten of the principal ministers met at New Haven and formed themselves into a Society, and agreed to form a college in the colony. At their next meeting, which was at Branford, the same year, each of them brought a number of books, and, presenting them to the society, said, 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'

"Bishop Berkeley, about 1733, sent to the library, from Europe, 'the finest collection of books that ever came together at one time into America.' Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Richard Steele, Drs. Burnet, Woodward, Halley, Bentley, Kennet, Calamy, Edwards, the Reverend Mr. Henry, and Mr. Whiston, presented their own works to the library."

The library of Brown University contains some 31,000 volumes. Among these is one of the few collections of a special interest in relation to the history or literature of the country in its public libraries:

"Among the additions to the library, a collection of 50 vols. of Ordination Sermons, presented by the Hon. Theron Metcalf of Boston, a graduate of the college in the class of 1805, deserves particular attention. These volumes contain more than a thousand discourses preached at ordinations, installations, and inaugurations in the United States, and mostly in New England. This is without doubt the largest collection of the kind which has ever been made, and is of obvious importance as connected with the ecclesiastical history of the country."

In our notice of this work we have confined ourselves to the older and more important libraries of the country, instead of extending it over the wide field of the smaller local libraries so generally scattered over the country, as furnishing more interesting details, and being in our view more important. We need concentration in all our efforts for learning. One good University, well endowed, in each State, would do more good than the score of struggling institutions which most of them possess. The same is infinitely more true in reference to public libraries, which must be concentrated to be valuable. Many books which, if scattered in different collections, would be sheer trash and lumber, are collectively, when their contents can be compared, and their relative weight tested by comparison, of great value in historical research.

LADY WORTLEY'S TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.*

[Second Paper.

In the tropics our Lady finds full scope for her facile pen and girl-like sensibilities. She runs riot in the gorgeousness of tropical beauty, frieks and gallops away in the free fields of nature, like an unbroken colt, tries unheard of leaps into the sublime and un-

fathomable till common sense is unhorsed and brought to the ground. In her neck and neck race on the unrestrained course of tropical nature, she outstrips truth itself and has it all her own way. Lady Wortley's admiration seems to have warmed gradually with the change of latitude; we found it temperate in the United States (just and appreciative our flattered vanity calls it); in Mexico it is decidedly warm and tropical; and when the equator is approached it becomes overpoweringly intense and stifling.

Here is a picture, with the paint so freely put on, that its outlines are not so clear as they might be:—

MEXICAN VEGETATION.

"One morning, at sunrise, coming from Puebla, we saw the great mountain, Orizaba, reflecting the light of the rising luminary, and looking as if it was literally made partly of gold and partly of fire, so gloriously was it beaming back those dazzling splendors from its huge crest of glittering snow. Between Jalapa and Peroté, and still more between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, the astonishing prodigality and unutterable magnificence of the tropical vegetation is perfectly overpowering! I could not have believed, without beholding it, that such a Paradise remained to this world! Such colors—such blooms—such forests of flowers! Such inconceivable luxuriance of foliage and fruit! You cannot for a moment 'begin to imagine' the glories of these scenes—their inexhaustible variety—their indescribable exuberance—their extraordinary and matchless brilliancy of coloring!

"Nature seems like a perpetual miracle there. It made us think of the sumptuous Sultana in the 'Arabian Nights' tales, who changed her regal dress twelve times a day. Just try to fancy in those marvellous regions endlessly-spreading colossal bowers, under a green overhanging firmament of uptowering trees, and such bowers too! Myriads of flowers of a hundred colors, crowding coronal upon coronal; and these again intertwined and overtowered, and round and through, and sub and supertwined with others, and others still! It seemed as if there was really going to be a flood of flowers, and this was the first flow of the dazzling deluge: a gorgeous deluge indeed that would be—its own rainbow. There were innumerable roses, interwreathed with convolvuluses, flowering myrtles, aloes, cherimoyas, floripundias (a magnificent sculpture-like, bell-shaped flower), the verdant liquid amber, jessamines, and others, with creepers and parasitical plants, festooning and trailing themselves about with the very wildest luxuriance, so that often the coiled and heaped-together boughs and branches appear to bear hundreds of different sorts of leaves and flowers at once!

"One of the most magnificent flowers I ever saw, grows on a tree of considerable dimensions (if, indeed, it is not a parasitical plant), and looks, with its multitudinous clusters of large, gorgeous, and vivid scarlet blossoms, like a pyramid of planets in a blaze, or a candelabra of comets, with forty thousand branching flames in all directions. These were most beautifully contrasted by the snowy white lilies I have spoken of before, which literally lined the roadside in many places.

"In short, altogether, it was quite bewildering. One felt that one would fain have ten thousand eyes to see with, and ten thousand senses to admire, appreciate, and realize (I must go back to the United States for the right word) all the immensity and variety of those wondrous royal realms of Nature. I have said that the leaves, branches, flowers, fruits, stems, seemed all confusedly intermingled, and matted, and massed together in beauty. There were heaps of cactuses garlanded with wildernesses of roses; there were floripundias coiled about with

* Travels in the United States, etc., during 1849 and 1850. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Harper & Brothers.

creepers that seemed almost moving in their wild life-like grace; besides countless other labyrinthine complications.

"But I have said nothing of the splendid birds, that like animated rainbows and winged sunbeams were darting about amid these transcendent scenes. But it is quite useless to attempt to describe these unimaginable regions—one might as well strive to convey in words a glorious strain of the most exquisite music."

We present some of Lady Wortley's painted, wax-light beauties, of which readers should take a daylight view, rubbing off the rouge:—

FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

"Through all of their Arab-like wanderings, wherever they stopped, those Aztecs were wont to cultivate the earth, and where they were then settled, frequently encircled by barbarous enemies, as they were, in the midst of a great lake, where fish were remarkably scarce, they devised the ingenious expedient of forming floating gardens, and fields, and orchards, on the surface of the tranquil waters. These they framed skilfully of the woven-together roots of aquatic plants, wreathed and intermingled with various boughs and branches, and twigs, till they had secured a foundation strong enough to uphold a soil, formed of earth drawn from the bottom of the lake. Their corn and chili, and different plants required for their sustenance, were sown on this.

"It appears that these gliding gardens were ordinarily elevated about a foot above the surface of the water, and were of an oblong shape. Soon afterwards, these insulated and raft-like fields were adorned with lovely beds of countless flowers, which were not alone cherished by the people (who were great lovers of these luxuries of nature), but were employed in the worship of their idols, and were a favorite ornament of the palace of their new emperors. These famed Chinampas, along the Vega canal, are now attached to the mainlands, on the grounds that lie between the two great lakes of Chalco and Tezcuco. Little trenches, filled with water, appear to divide the gardens. There are small bridges, thrown across the water, to keep up the communication with the mainland. The Indian proprietor has generally his humble hut in the garden, but no longer can he (if desirous of removing for a space, his 'location'), seated in his canoe, tow along his fairy and flowering island to another part of that fresh, silvery, glistening sea.

"Whether in gardens floating or fixed, flowers never fail them in their bewitching climate. Their roses are all *roses des quatre saisons* (so well rendered by Lord —'s gardener "quarter seasons roses")! From March to June the flowery sea almost overflows, and its many-colored waves and sunny tides bury all in their beauty. We are told that, on the *dias di fiesta*, even the very humblest classes are nearly smothered in roses, and crowned with variegated garlands of carnations, poppies, sweet-peas, jessamine, and other gifts of the munificent Flora of Mexico."

MAMMOTH CYPRESSES.

"They are the most glorious trees I ever beheld. The largest of them all was said, by Humboldt, to be forty-one feet in circumference; but I am told it is actually forty-five feet. It certainly looks yet more than this. The vast trunk seemed to me like a noble tower shooting towards the sky, and lost in its own far-spreading and mighty cloud of deep green foliage, where half an army might have hid—à la 'King Charles in his oak.' Soft streamers of thick grey moss depend from every bough, which gives these trees a doubly venerable and patriarchal appearance.

"The true name of these cypresses is Ahua-

huete (*Sabino ahuahuate*, or *Cupressus disticha*). The chief of these is called Montezuma's cypress. At the village of Atlitico, there is said to be a cypress (they are not like what we in England call by that name) seventy-six feet in circumference, and which is supposed to be one of the oldest of vegetable monuments on the face of the globe, if not indeed the most ancient.

"But this is not all. At a village called St. Maria del Tule, ten miles to the east of the capital, there is an immense trunk of the same species of cypress, measuring one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference, though by all accounts it would appear to be three stems, closely, almost imperceptibly, joined together. It must be like the great 'Boabab' of Asia; but the suspicion of this latter one being a treble tree, renders it less interesting. I confess, in one of the mighty Ahuahuetes that I saw, I detected something that looked as if a similar process had taken place. There is certainly a suspicious line along the trunk; but I am assured I am wrong, and by those likely to know better than I do."

MADAME BISHOP.

"Madame Bishop has lately been singing here, and was exceedingly admired and popular in Mexico. She went into the provinces also, and I hear, at some of the theatres there, her sweet sounds were sometimes paid in fighting-cocks and cigars; to such an extent, indeed, that she was obliged to advertise in the papers that she could receive no more payments in 'crowing Chanticleers' or prime 'Havanas,' and that none would be taken at the doors."

From Vera Cruz Lady Wortley sails to Havana, and on board ship in fault of Nature, trees, stones, and stocks and sticks to worship, she finds her fellow-passengers quite adorable; these fellow-passengers were Lord Kerr, who was travelling with his drawing-portfolio, an ingenious New Englander who was quite a Grinly Gibbons in "whittling," Mr. Bayard Taylor, "a very gentlemanlike young man," "the author of some beautiful poetical pieces," and an "enterprising organ-grinder." She is rapturous even on such subjects and in Havana, across the Isthmus of Darien, on the Pacific, and in South America, she always mounts the same high horse and dashes away, leaving her readers "nowhere!"—

HAVANA GALLANTRY.

"You do not see here, as in Mexico, hundreds of superbly-mounted *caballeros*, making their steeds champ, and prance, and *caracolear*, till their weighty silver ornaments flash like lightning on the eye. Here the gentlemen are generally pedestrian prom-naders, if they are not lounging, stretched out in their luxurious *volantes* themselves. They walk leisurely and gently along, smoking the fragrant weed, and gazing at the fair *Habaneras* who are passing in their fairy coracles on wheels; and they tell me it is the fashion here, when a gallant señor sees some particularly lovely young *doña*, for him to exclaim—'How beautiful—how lovely!' and for her to reply, with a slight gracious inclination of her little stag-like head—'Gracias, caballero.' I was not a little surprised, at first, at the answer the ladies make to the universally-employed salutation—'A los pies de V. señoría.' 'Besos los manos de V. caballero!' (I am at your feet, madam!—I kiss your hands, sir!). But the dignified gentleness with which they say it, seemed to take off from the too great condescension apparently expressed. It was as superbly gracious as the bending of a crowned head in acknowledgment of a subject's homage."

AMERICAN INVASION.

"There seems a great deal of alarm just now about the expected American invasion. It is

rumored—but very likely falsely—that some of the troops are disaffected; and I am told that most of the troops sent here are from the dregs of the population in Spain, convicts and marauders of all kinds. The cavalry, however, are said to be a very fine body of men: as far as outward appearance goes, they *all* would seem to be so. The foot soldiers strike me as being much taller than our infantry regiments, and are exceedingly clean-looking and well dressed."

VIEW OF CHAGRES.

"I have as yet said nothing of the appearance of this much vituperated, and I think often misrepresented place. Of course the ground is low, immediately on the river; but at a little distance beyond, it gradually rises till it presents the appearance of picturesque and beautiful wooded hills, giving a romantic variety to the scene. Certainly, where the Americans have betaken themselves, there is a low and marshy flat, that in the rainy season (which lasts here about ten months!) must be a sea of mud: it is said by the Americans, that the summits of the highest hills afford hardly any security against mud, at that extraordinarily 'juicy season.'

"There is only one church at Chagres—of course a Catholic one—and in its construction it is as unpretending as the bamboo houses of the people. These houses, which are nearly as light as so many balloons, mostly consist of bamboo canes, which are thonged and fastened to some slight framework of more substantial timber, all covered over with the leaves or the limbs of the cabbage palm, or the cocoa-nut. They have no chimney at all. They all assume to a foreign eye a very strange and fantastical, but I think picturesque appearance.

"The town proper—the Chagres of the natives—lies on the north bank of the river Chagres, about a hundred yards or so from the open sea, and contains about a hundred of these huts, screened by their profuse coverings of palm leaves. A sudden bend in the river and a tongue of land running out into the sea, have caused the town to assume the shape of a semi-crescent, and the former almost entirely veils it from view as you enter the mouth of the river. On this point of land stands the fine old castle of San Lorenzo, built by the conquering Spaniards, and in olden days stormed by the celebrated and oft successful buccaneer Morgan, who sealed it and levelled it, after a conflict in which all but thirty-three out of three hundred and sixteen defenders were killed."

GOLD HUNTERS ON THEIR ROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

"Our room, with its solitary aperture, commanded a view of the commencement of the road to Panama; and many an interesting and curious sight did we witness from it. One that is very characteristic of American go-aheadiness and independence, I will relate. A spare, eager-eyed 'States' man,' had loaded an obstinate-looking animal with probably all his worldly goods, and was starting, or rather attempting to start, perfectly alone on his road to Panama, for the animal resolutely refused to budge, and he was dragging at it by an immense long rope with all his might and main, he at one end of the rambling street, and it at the other, and shouting out in English to the sauntering natives by the roadside, 'I say, which is the road to Panama?' Another was stepping on deliberately, his bundle under his arm, and a huge umbrella, like that you see represented in Chinese rice-paper drawings, over his head, following the first path that came in his way.

"We saw numbers start along this road (which was the right way) almost all with the same frank, free, earnest bearing—and one felt they do not go only to gather up gold in the rich mines of that far land, now a part of their glorious country—they go to help and assist in raising a mighty empire on those teeming shores

of the great Pacific, to carry progress, order, and civilization in their train."

NATIVE PORTERS.

"We met or passed immense numbers of natives, carrying often enormous loads, which they bear, apparently, in general, without fatigue. One man, especially, was burdened by a huge deal case, which looked as if it contained a frame house, at least, on its way to California; and it very likely was one, and an iron house 'at that!' He did look tired, poor fellow; and the house, or whatever the mountainous load was, had slipped, and he could not get it rightly on again! He rested against a tree, and some of the good-natured California-bound emigrants, who were seated in a group hard by, eating their luncheon and reposing themselves (for almost all we saw walked from Gorgona to Panama, frequently making two days of it), went to help him. They gave him, at his request I believe, a calabash full of water, and assisted him to place the gigantic case (with a small hotel probably inside it), once more firmly and comfortably (!) on his back. It was with some difficulty he made room for our party, especially our baggage-mules, to pass."

CALIFORNIANS IN RED SHIRTS.

"The Californians, all with their gay scarlet flannel shirts (which they universally wear), were scattered about the forest on all sides, and their brilliant attire was glimpsed through the woods at intervals; so they looked something like dismounted fox-hunters, thus reminding us of Leicestershire a little, though it would be difficult to find anything less like that highly respectable county than this wild, gorgeous wilderness-forest of the South. Would not a Vale of Belvoir farmer think poor nature had gone mad, and required a strait-waistcoat here, and a pair of handcuffs? Cheerily sounded the emigrants' friendly greetings to one another, and their inspiring watchword—'Ho! for California!' I could almost have fancied the 'Tally' added before the first word, and the last two suppressed."

TABOGA.

"Taboga is said to be a charming place: the town consists of about a hundred cabins, with a number of stone houses belonging to the millionaires of the place; and there is an extremely picturesque old Spanish church. This town is built along a beautiful beach, which is said to be half covered with the remains of former buildings, and where a whole fleet of canoes may often be seen laid up. A lovely mountain stream comes dashing and sparkling down a gorge of the hills at the back of the settlement, and crosses the middle of it, on its course to the bay. This clear stream furnishes water to all the ships that visit Panama, in addition to supplying the wants of the residents. The Americans, it seems, are going to build a great many houses at Taboga, in the course of time; 'and,' says 'The Echo,' 'like New York, Panama will then have a Staten Island and New Brighton.'"

From Panama Lady Wortley sails down the South American coast, in the British mail-steamer, to Callao, and tarries awhile at Lima, about which she tells the old traveler's tale of one-eyed beauties, with killing glances and Cinderella slippers, of cock-fighting, shovel-hatted ecclesiastics, of political corruption and impotency, indolent ease, sensuous enjoyment, licentious intrigue, splendor, dust, decay, and ruin!

Her ladyship's good nature throughout all her journeying is admirable, she carries it with her like a banker's circular letter, and draws upon it freely, and thanks to it she is thus relieved from many a *contretemps* and unpleasant embarrassment, and kept happy and at her ease wherever she goes and in whatever company she may be thrown.

A cause for the want of literary finish in her book may be found in the fact, that it is made up of letters written in unrestrained confidence, without thought originally of publication.

The Microscopist; or, a Complete Manual on the Use of the Microscope. By Joseph H. Wythes, M.D. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. —A clear statement of the mechanism of the microscope, its mode of application to scientific purposes, with an illustration of some of the results obtained by the use of this instrument in physiology and pathology. Well executed diagrams and plates are added to aid the explanations of the text, and the book is what it pretends to be, a complete guide to the use of the microscope.

Braithwaite's Retrospect, &c. New York: Daniel Adee.

The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Part 23d of the former, and No. 13 of the latter, are the latest issues of the medical periodicals, containing an abstract of all that has been said and done in medicine and surgery during the six months previous to publication, from January to June.

Home is Home. New York: Appletons. —A very pleasant book, without, however, sufficient breadth of plot or originality of conception to entitle it to any higher grade than that of a moral tale. It is evidently the work of a hitherto untried pen, and is admirably adapted to interest and amuse the younger members of the "home" circle.

THE WELL.

In slave-land there's a crystal well, its bucket worn and old;

Ye'd think the snow was on your lip, its waters are so cold;

The village almost circled it, and far o'er hill and vale,

At eve there came full many a slave to fill his shining pail.

Ah! pleasant, pleasant sound, to hear the chain unwinding slow,

And hear the icy bucket dropping, dropping far below,

And see the merry children from their happy gambols break,

And fly unto this crystal well their burning thirst to slake.

And pleasant 'twas to lift the draught unto the fevered lip,

And feel the cool, soft water on your burning fingers drip;

And pleasant 'twas in summer time to gaze far down below,

To catch the cold draught on your cheek, like breath from mountain snow.

Ah! years on years it was the same, at fall of eventide,

Full many a tired one sought the spot from valley and hill-side,

And happy jests and gossip from the weary-hearted fell,

As he, with clumsy motion, drew the water from the well.

Ah! many a lip is silent now, that quaffed its waters clear,

And eyes, that gazed far down its depths, have wept the burning tear;

The weary feet have homeward turned, that sought its path at even—

Have homeward turned—homeward on earth?

Ah no! they rest in Heaven!

The village is a city now, but still the old well stands,

Though every draught its bosom yields must pass to strangers' hands;

'Tis changeless yet! though 'round it now, the tramp, by night and day,

Hath turfless made the green spot, where the children used to play.

The village is a city now—the streets are long and wide;

And noble domes are rising in the vale and on hill-side;

The church is in the same old place, but lifts a loftier spire,

Arising in the sunlight, like a white flame in the fire.

All, all is changed, but that old well that yield-eth, year by year,

Its waters to the thirsty lip, as icy and as clear;

And like the heart, that, spotless, in the tempting world doth dwell,

'Tis changeless and unsullied yet—this relic old—this well!

J. M. A.

Columbia, Tenn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PINE NOT(E)S. No. 2.

IN THE COUNTRY, 30th July, 1851.

THESE pine boughs with their leaves all dry and brown make me a soft seat at the foot of the brave old pine. Sometimes they make a bed whereon I find a sleeping dream that steals upon me whilst I am gazing out drowsily upon the heat mist of the sun-lighted air outside the grove; the heat mist that gauzily veileth valley and hill, casting them drowsily into a far-off dim repose. The shadows of the floating clouds lie some moments quietly upon the level face of the valley, then, gliding onwards, disappear in irregular succession. Now they cast themselves upon the hill sides to shade the bright spaces of the open glades or deepen the dark shadows of the woods.

Delicious is this repose! So softly, yet how swiftly the hours go by me! Whilst I lie and dreamily look out from my oft closing and only half opening eyes, occasionally scribbling a sentence here, the shadow of the steep hill opposite has silently projected itself further and further along the glassy face of the little lake. And now the outlines of the tall pines of the grove are cast outward from the foot of the hill, and lie along the level surface of the grassy vale below. The sweet voices of the birds are heard at intervals, and come from the depths of the grove, where through the still hours of the not yet slackened heat they have found pleasant repose. The breeze fans me balmily, and there has been no unpleasant heat where I sit under the grand old pine. It looks dark and cool, deep within the recesses of the grove behind me. Peeping through between the straight and slender trunks on the edge of the wood,—there the rich golden sunlight spreads itself in sheets and lies in bars upon the green grass, mingling the colors in that verdant gold which I love to think carpets the fields of Paradise. The chirp and twitter, the trill and quaver of silver voiced birds sing the praises of the pleasant Eden. The breeze freshens and swirls through the lofty pine tops like an anthem; then dies away again.

The shadows have lengthened yet more; the air is cooler, and the balsamic odor of the pines comes more palpably to the gratified sense. While the sun declines and evening creeps on apace my roaming reveries wander back through the ripening years of youth to the places where in young adventure I wandered long and often; companionless save by my well beloved steed. I see again the starry nights of a southern clime

where I rode on and on into the depths of the great pine forests. And deep into the night, where, dismounting, I tied my steed by his lariat to a tree beside some grassy opening where he fed at his leisure, while I, with my head upon the saddle, found a soft bed upon the dead leaves of the pines that for ages had annually cast their foliage upon the ground about me. How I grudged the hours consumed by sleep that shut out the music of the piny lyres that played far up above me; that shut out the bright, solemn, happy stars that looked down into my closing eyes, the guardian watchers in the skies! Again the twittering of the birds among the boughs over my head awakens me from a healthful sleep, and saddling my trusty steed, I ride on through the fresh morning air, marching forth into the world, my steed and I, to the music of the choral beauties of the air; onward through the miles of dear old forest, forth at last into the broad prairie, on to where fences and fields show that a house is near, the house of some settler in a country new to man.

I remember now so distinctly how on thus coming upon a plantation one morning and alighting at the hospitable door of the house, I found sadness seated upon the faces of the worthy planter, a true gentleman of the soil, and all the family. The saddest face of all that met my view was that of Fred, the son, a noble-hearted daring youth of twenty. A strange and melancholy event had occurred during the past night, and after breakfast it was communicated to me. A neighboring planter and relative owned a negro whose malicious disposition had repeatedly endangered the property and lives of his master's and of his neighbor's family. He had run away and for many months been lurking near, hiding in the forest and eluding all attempts to capture him. Stealing from the cribs and storehouses of the two plantations at night, tampering with other negroes and inciting them to run away or worse, twice setting fire to his master's house, it had become necessary to self-preservation that the planters secured him. Of a powerful frame, active, and cunning, big Ben had up to the day preceding my visit to the plantation carried on his depredations with impunity.

The planter at whose house I breakfasted on that lovely summer morning, had raised a black boy, named Ned, of uncommon intelligence. Born at the same time with Fred, whose mother had died in child-bed, Ned's mother had nursed "young master," and thus the boys grew up foster brothers. Fred loved his servant, and as Ned grew up had taught him many things useful and ornamental that slaves seldom acquire a knowledge of. When children they had always played together; as boys Ned always waited upon his young master and was usually the attendant upon his sports. The regard between the youths appeared to be mutual.

On the day preceding my arrival the overseer of big Ben's master had visited this planter and informed him that he had just received positive information from one of their negroes with whom big Ben had been tampering, that he designed making a thieving visit to his master's plantation that night, and if waylaid at a certain point which he was likely to pass, might be captured. Fred volunteered his services, and in due time accompanied the overseer to the designated point, both armed with their rifles, deter-

mined to capture the ruffian or kill him if he could not be taken alive.

The overseer and Fred lying in wait about midnight, heard the tramp of horses' feet on a fast trot down the narrow path, and presently they saw through the dim air of the starlight night the form of a big negro mounted on a horse, followed by another smaller in size. Quickly stepping out from the bushes, behind which they had sat concealed, Fred and the overseer called out, commanding Ben to stop and surrender to his master or they would be fired upon. No reply was made, but both horses urged into a gallop. Quick as thought the rifles of the two white men were at their shoulders and discharged. Both riders fell from their horses. Upon reaching them the overseer and Fred found them both shot through the breast and dying. One was big Ben, the other was—Ned! Fred remembered having aimed at the hindmost rider, and falling as though he had himself received a bullet in his breast, fainted away. When he recovered his senses Fred found himself seated on the ground where he and the overseer had sat waiting and watching that night, his head lying upon the lap of the latter.

"Where are they?" gasped Fred, raising himself and looking wildly around as if he dreaded meeting some hideous sight.

"Dead!" replied the overseer. "Ben died immediately without a word."

"And Ned?" cried Fred.

"Ned lived just long enough to say that he had been served right and only wished that he could beg massa Fred's pardon before he died, that big Ben had coaxed him and persuaded him and several others to run away, after which they were to wait a favorable opportunity and seize the young missuses on the plantations, then carry them away off to a place big Ben knew of, where they would be masters and all black men were masters, and the young white missuses should be their wives. Big Ben had given him some whiskey; if he had never tasted it he believed he never would have been so wicked as to have joined him."

Years afterwards I saw Fred a sedate conscientious man. There had been on those plantations no harshness of masters, no insubordination of servants. Always since, the pine forest has seemed to breathe in my ears among many other strains, many of them more cheerful, the sighs of the foster brother.

So it is that the passions of men will sadden for our ears the tones of the sweet voices of Nature. Again I rise, I go, and listen to what those voices say on

MY SECOND VISIT TO THE ARBORED STREAMLET.

See, the mountain torrent loud
Doth its fretting foam enshroud
Under bramble, under brier,
Hiding there its rebel ire:
Where an arch from bank to bank,
Green and thrifty, green and rank,
O'er the water's bends and lowers,
While above the smiling flowers,
Forest rose and eglantine,
All along the bower twine.
Smiling to the sun above
Rosy fragrance, tints of love,
Seeming but a bower fair
Laurelled in the golden air,
Thus it is the seeming life
Hides within the fretful strife.
Dark despair and fearful gloom,
Mad'ning grief and raging foam,
All the anguish of the heart,
Sting of wrong and sinning's smart,—

Caught along the smiling world
Ere within the cavern hurled,
Under bramble, under brier
Laboring to hide its ire,—
Lash the torn and raging soul
Where the roaring waters roll.

The sun is out of sight, the dew falls, and
I close my portfolio with *au Revoir*, perhaps
Adieu. D. F. B.

DR. LINGARD.

THE Rev. John Lingard, D.D., one of the ablest historians which this or any modern country has produced, was a native of Winchester: he was born in 1769—a year of genius—the natal year of Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott, and Wellington. The University of Douay was the place of Lingard's education, and he resided there in a remarkable and troublous time, the breaking out of the first great French Revolution, and not without some danger to himself, as would appear from the following anecdote, which he was wont to narrate. On one occasion, when the disaffection of the populace had risen to such a degree that the military were under arms in the street, the young Lingard was looking out, when he observed an orderly ride rapidly up to the commanding officer, and in a few moments every trooper vaulted into his saddle. Shortly after came a counter order. The authority of the "sovereign people" was declared, and a Mons. De Baix, who had rendered himself obnoxious, was hurried, amidst yells and execrations, *à la lanterne*. The student knew this gentleman, and penetrated the crowd to inquire the cause of his summary punishment; when his dress attracting attention, he heard the cry of "*La Calote!*" and presently "*Le Caloteau à la lanterne!*" He took to his heels, darted down a narrow lane, and, thanks to his fleetness of foot, our eminent historian escaped. On another occasion he was compelled to sing the "*Ca ira*" with a bayonet at his breast.

After his ordination to the Roman Catholic priesthood, and previous to his appointment to Hornby, Dr. Lingard held a professorship at, and was vice-principal of, the College of St. Cuthbert, Ushaw, Durham. The rev. gentleman was an unknown and retiring priest at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when, in 1806, he gave from the local press of that town his "*History of the Anglo-Saxon Church*"—a work that was the first and most efficient effort to attract popular attention towards the ecclesiastical glories of our Saxon forefathers, which are now familiar objects of study and speculation. Of all books, this is the one where may be obtained the greatest insight into the national mind and ways of thought of the Christian Anglo-Saxons. This production was but the pilot sent forth to test the current of public taste: finding that an impartial and liberal-minded priest, without a compromise of any principle, could count on a cordial popularity, the author boldly conceived the design of his "*History of England*," of which, the first volume appeared in 1819, and, in procuring materials for which, he visited the Vatican Library with various and laborious research, and had the Stuart records in Rome open to his inspection.

On the merits of that history it is now almost superfluous to dilate. More than thirty years of unceasing popularity and unceasing sale have stamped its fame and its worth. Superior to all our other historical productions in its unerring regard to correct-

ness of statement and reference to authority, the work of Dr. Lingard nearly equals in diction the admirable narrative style of that of his great predecessor Hume—a style vastly more suited to historical writing than the eloquence of Macaulay, or even of Edward Gibbon. Dr. Lingard is allowed by all parties to have displayed throughout his book much and singular impartiality, and to have generally verified what he says in his preface in the following words:—"It has been my constant endeavor to separate myself as much as possible from every party; to stand, as it were, aloof, the unconcerned spectator of the passing events, and to record them fairly in these pages, as they came in review before my eyes. That they should always appear to others in the same light in which they appeared to me, I cannot expect; but, before the reader accuse me of prejudice, let him be assured that he is free from prejudice himself." The rest of Dr. Lingard's useful and unobtrusive career may be briefly told. The repeated new editions of his "History of England," also, an English version of the four Gospels, and various other learned publications in pamphlet form, consumed the time unoccupied by religious duty or by converse with the neighbors and friends who continually courted the charms of his society.

For the last forty years of his life, Dr. Lingard held the small and retired preference belonging to the Roman Catholic Church in the village of Hornby, and here the historian resided, near to Hornby Castle, the seat of his attached and constant friend, Pudsey Dawson, Esq. This edifice owes its first erection to Sir Edward Stanley, a hero of Flodden Field, and its recent beautiful restoration to the taste of Mr. Dawson, its present owner, who was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1845. After a lingering illness, Dr. Lingard closed his mortal career at his house at Hornby, on the 17th inst, at the advanced age of 81. His remains, pursuant to his own request, are to lie at St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw. A void will be long felt in the neighborhood of Hornby by his death.

The private virtues of Dr. Lingard were as remarkable as his public talents. His whole habits of life were charmingly simple; his nature was kind, his disposition most affectionate. Many agreeable and profitable hours might be passed in his society, his mind was so richly stored, his knowledge so varied, his fund of anecdote so inexhaustible: a pleasantry and good humor pervaded his conversation at all times.

Dr. Lingard never sought controversy in any visits amongst his friends. When questioned on matters of his own faith, he would speak freely; those warmly attached to the Protestant Church or other creeds, widely differing from him in religious principles, never felt restraint in his society, or anticipated any sharpness or acrimony. In personal appearance he was rather above the middle height, and of slender frame; and though he had reached to full four-score years, his dark brown hair was but slightly tinged with grey: his small dark twinkling eye was singularly expressive, and his countenance bright and animated.

Dr. Lingard passed much of his time in a garden consisting of a long strip, taken off a small grass-field of half an acre in extent. The fruit-trees against the boundary wall had a large share of his attention; they were trained and pruned by his own hand. Here, too, his favorites received honorable sepul-

ture. One of these was his spaniel Ætna, the faithful companion of many years, over whose grave the Doctor has been seen to stand till his eyes filled with tears, when he would exclaim, "Ah, poor Etty!" His other favorites, his cat and his tortoise, and the horse that drew his carriage, all lie within this small domain. The remains of the latter rest beneath the shade of a fine and flourishing oak-tree, reared from an acorn brought by himself from the shores of the Lake of Thrasymene, in 1817.

It has been reported, though on doubtful authority, that very high positions in the Roman Catholic Church were more than once offered to Dr. Lingard. There is, we believe, little or no truth in this; but those who knew his simple habits, and his love of retirement, would not be surprised at his preferring, even to the purple, his peaceful residence in the loveliest locality of the loveliest of England's northern valleys. Such was Dr. Lingard; and the very truth and purity of his nature are stamped upon his English history. An opponent Protestant historian, Mr. Keightley, has pronounced that book one of the best of narratives; and there is little doubt, that, whatever may be the feeling with regard to his faith, this work of an humble Roman Catholic priest will ever hold a high rank in the standard literature of England.

Regarding Dr. Lingard's last moments, we have received the following letter, addressed to his publisher, Mr. Dolman, of New Bond street:—

LANCASTER, July 21, 1851.

Sir,—The late Dr. Lingard is represented in some newspaper as afraid of going to bed, because afraid to die. For many years, probably thirty or more, I have had the confidence of the venerated historian as his medical adviser and friend. I beg to state that he never manifested, on any occasion whatever, an unreasonable fear of any kind. He was, in my humble judgment, as wise and good a man, his mind as highly cultivated, and as thoroughly disciplined, as is attainable in this life. During the whole of his last illness he was uniformly cheerful, tranquil, and resigned. Not a word or gesture betrayed complaint, impatience, or dread of any kind. My religious creed is different from his and yours, and I am personally unknown to you; but I know that you were esteemed by Dr. Lingard, and am sure you will take an interest in his posthumous character. You will use this note, or any part of it, with or without my name, as you think proper. I remain, sir, yours very faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON.

—(London Illustrated News.)

VARIETIES.

DOCTORS' VISITS.—It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! what an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we hang upon his words, and what comfort we get from a smile or two, if we can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten our darkness! Who hasn't seen the mother prying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant that cannot speak, and lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes! What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down, and dares not "hope!" Or is it the father who is stricken? The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his pa-

tient's wrist, smothering her agonies, as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk. Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were Fate, the dispenser of life and death; he *must* let the patient off this time, the women pray so for his respite. One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man; how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might be possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate; how immense the delight if victorious. —Pendennis.

MEETING WITH OUTLAWS—SECRET SIGNS.—Many of these, both outside and in the house, extended their hands for mine to shake, I supposed from being aware of Frank modes of salutation; but among them, three or four gave so peculiar a twist or crack of my fingers, that I was struck by its singularity, though it was not until my hand had been held firmly for a repetition of this manœuvre, accompanied by a look of interrogation from the holder, that the thought flashed on my mind that what I observed was a concerted signal. I shortly became fully aware that I was among people, who, from some cause or other, had fled from justice in other lands. Of these was one who, with his face entirely muffled, excepting one eye, kept aloof in the darker part of the chamber until having thoroughly scrutinized me, he came forward, and dropping his capote, discovered to my horror and amazement, features which, though disguised by an enormous growth of hair, I could not fail to recognise. "The world is my city now," said he; "I am become a savage like those with whom I dwell. What is life to me?" And, covering his face again, he wept with a heart-breaking bitterness only life-exiles can know. Alas! henceforth this wild Alsatia of the mountains, this strange and fearful Khimara, wore to my thoughts a ten-fold garb of melancholy, when I considered it as the refuge, during the remainder of a weary life, of men whose early years had been passed in far other abodes and society.—*Lear's Journal of a Landscape Painter in Albania, &c.*

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

THE following will, we believe, be received in all parts of the country with a hearty welcome: "PROSPECTUS.—The subscriber, having made arrangements with the author, proposes to publish by subscription, a complete collection of the POETICAL WRITINGS OF W. GILLMORE SIMMS, Esq., in two volumes, 12mo., containing from three to four hundred pages, which will be issued in a style unsurpassed by any similar production of the Northern press. The works of Mr. Simms recommend themselves peculiarly to the South, as illustrating its history—its traditions and legends—its scenery and its sentiments; and the frequent demand for a collection of his metrical writings, leaves the Publisher no doubt that the design of the proposed edition will meet the warm approbation of the Southern public. It will be delivered to subscribers at \$3 per copy.

"Aug. 9, 1851. JOHN RUSSELL."

Among the recent German publications, we notice in the following a new ornament to the column of German erudition and diligence:—"Plinii Secundi naturalis historiae libris plurimorum codicum a se collatorum ope recensuit, commentario critico instruxit T. Sillig;" of which the first part is just out. This is the first and only critically correct text-edition of this work, and is therefore a highly important contribution for the use of every scholar and lover of archæology, art, linguistics, and natural science.

This work, published under the patronage of such men as Boeckh, Al. v. Humboldt, Lachmann, Lobeck, Oken, Thiersch, and some forty more, found its origin in the year 1826, when

the German naturalists and physicians, at their annual meeting at Dresden, resolved to unfold again, and make really useful the great treasure of archaeological science of all nature, as contained in the thirty-seven books of Pliny's great work.

To accomplish this it was felt that, first of all, there should be prepared by a classical scholar a new revised text-edition of the work, on whose basis the united talents of men eminent in natural science could be set to work to produce a commentary.

Prof. Jul. Sillig, of Dresden, was selected for the edition of the text, and favored by the support of the King of Saxony, he was enabled to go to Paris and Leyden to make researches, and to compare the most important manuscripts. Through the means of the same royal patron, the Spanish government caused two learned Presbyters to make an examination and comparison of the manuscripts of the Cathedral of Toledo. Another scholar, L. von Tan, was sent by the King of Bavaria to travel through France and Italy for the same object.

He was lucky enough to discover in the year 1831, at the Bamberg Library, a manuscript of the 10th century, which, although containing only the last six books of Pliny, was of the highest importance for the perfect restoration of the work. After being twice carefully compared by Dr. L. von Tan, it was found to contain the most excellent version and to complete all former defects.

All the rich material thus acquired, similar to which perhaps no author ever before commenced upon, was placed at the disposal of Dr. S., and since 1831 he has been unweariedly engaged upon the work.

Such is the brief history of a *book*, the first part of which is now before the public, and a mere superficial examination shows how much it has gained by this new elaboration. It is to be completed in six parts; the subscription price of the first one is \$2 50.

We saw some subscription copies at Westermann's bookstore in Broadway. Just before the title page is a list in Latin of the subscribers' names, and we are surprised not to find more belonging to this country, when Russia can take thirty copies; but now as the first part is out hope to see more in the second one, in which the publisher promises to give a new list.

Messrs. JOHN W. FULLER & Co., Utica, will publish next week, *The Dairyman's Manual*, being a complete Guide for the American Dairyman, by GURDON EVANS, M.A. It will form an octavo volume of some 260 pages, illustrated with numerous engravings. They will also publish during the present month, another edition (the fourteenth) of the *Golden Lyre*, a musical work for Choirs, Singing Schools, &c., by V. C. TAYLOR. Also, another edition (the fourth) of *Taylor's Choral Anthems*.

Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS & Co. have in press, the seventh and concluding volume of the *Writings of Alexander Hamilton*. Also, *Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty*, being Discourses by John James Taylor.

A new work by Longfellow, *The Golden Legend—a Mystery; The Literary Reminiscences of De Quincey, the Opium Eater; a Wonder Book, for Boys and Girls*, by Hawthorne; *Leigh Hunt's Complete Poetical Works*; a Book by Bayard Taylor; *Romances, Lyrics, and Songs*; and many others, are announced as in press by Messrs. TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, to appear during the autumn months.

FOREIGN.

A cheap periodical is advertised in London, "devoted entirely to poetry and the poets." It is entitled "*The Poetic Companion, for the Fireside, the Fields, the Woods and Streams*," and contains biographical sketches, reviews, select poems, &c.

Bentley announces Mr. Parkman's "*History*

of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada."

The London Builder says of the Manufacture of Steel Pens in Great Britain:—"Steel pens are almost entirely manufactured by women and young girls; and it is probable that, out of 2,000 persons or upwards now engaged in the business, not above 100 or 150 are of the male sex. The manufacture of pen-holders and pen-boxes gives employment to an additional number of women and children, variously estimated at from 200 to 400 persons. About the year 1820 or 1821, the first gross of "three slit" pens were sold, wholesale, at the rate of £7. 4s. the gross. In 1830, they had fallen to 8s. and in 1832 to 6s. the gross. One factory alone, in Birmingham, produces them at the rate of no less than 40,000 gross, or 5,760,000 in a week,—very nearly a million, or 960,000 per working day, or 279,528,000 per annum. At the lowest calculation, Birmingham produces 1000 millions per annum. The cheapest pens are sold as low as 2d. per gross, wholesale; and the price rises with the elasticity and finish of the pens up to 3s. 6d. and 5s. per gross.

Birmingham produces them all, and one establishment has the distinctive mark of 500 different dealers in all parts of the country, as well as on the continents of Europe and America, for whom he manufactures according to order.

The sheets of steel, received from Sheffield, are reduced to the required tensile by successive transits through the rolling-mill, operations tended by men and boys. When reduced to the thinness of a steel pen, length about two feet, breadth two and a half to three inches, the sheets are ready for punching out the blanks. This process is performed with very great rapidity—one girl of average industry and dexterity being able to punch out about 100 gross a-day. The next operation is to place the blanks in a concave die, on which a slight touch from a convex piece produces the required shape, that of the semi-tube. The slits and apertures to increase the elasticity, and the maker's or vendor's name or mark, are produced by a similar tool. Previously, however, the pen undergoes a variety of other processes. When complete all but the slit, it is soft and pliable, and may be bent or twisted in the hands like a piece of thin lead. Being collected in "grosses" or "great grosses," the pens are thrown into little square boxes by men, and placed in a furnace, where they remain till box and pens are of a white heat. They are then taken out and thrown hissing hot into pails or tanks of oil, when they may be broken like so many wafers; after draining, they are then made to revolve rapidly in a perforated cylinder.

The "one establishment" alluded to by the London Builder, is that belonging to the well known Joseph Gillot, Esq., whose agency in the United States is conducted by Henry Owen, Esq., at his Manufacturers' Depot, No. 91 John street, in this city.

The death of M. Daguerre, the celebrated discoverer of the daguerreotype took place suddenly at Brie, a village near Paris, recently. He distinguished himself early as a scene painter. His inventive genius then erected the Diorama. Every one remembers the series of enormous pictures of cathedrals, of Alpine scenery, which M. Daguerre exhibited at the Regent's Park, London. Later he succeeded in immortalizing his name by the discovery which gives his name to almost a profession amongst us.

J. PAYNE COLLIER, the editor of *Shakspeare*, states, in a communication to the *Athenaeum*, that a manuscript comedy, entirely in the handwriting of and designed by Anthony Munday, the contemporary of Shakspeare, has been placed in his hands for publication by the Shakspeare Society. "It was found," says Collier, "recently amongst the papers and evidences belonging to Mr. Mostyn's family; and I can hardly estimate too highly our obligation to him for allowing us the unrestricted use of such a valuable relic. Munday's reputation was so great at the period when he was a writer for our stage, as to lead a distinguished critic of that day to pronounce him the 'best plotter'; thus, for the construction of a dramatic story, placing him above Shakspeare, Marlow, Ben Jonson, Greene, and other theatrical rivals."

Mrs. JAMESON, the authoress, has been added to the royal pension list, for £100 a year.

Mr. JORDAN, who has for many years edited the *London Literary Gazette*, is engaged in preparing his *Reminiscences and Correspondence*, &c., during the last forty years, for publication.

The London journals announce the death, at Rydal, of Mr. Edward Quillinan, son-in-law to the poet Wordsworth.

A new edition (the 7th) of Mr. Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons* in 3 vols. 8vo., is announced as nearly ready for publication, by LONGMAN.

The first division of the English edition of Lamartine's *History of the Restoration of the Monarchy of France*, will be ready in a few days. This work, which will form a sequel to the *History of the Girondists*, will be published by the author, in both English and French.

The second volume of Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland* is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. BENTLEY has just published, *The Literature of Italy, from the Origin of the Language to the Death of Boccaccio, an Historical Sketch*, by Leonard Francis Simpson. Post 8vo.

The volume of Bohn's Cheap Series for August, will be Lamartine's *Stonemason of Saint Point, a village Tale*. Post 8vo.

Of Bohn's Standard Library, Vasari's *Lives of the most celebrated Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, vol. 3.

The volumes for July are, Dr. Gregory's *Letters on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties of the Christian Religion*, 9th edition, improved. post 8vo., and Neander's *Church History*, vol. 4.

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